

24
The Death of a great and good Man
lamented and improved.

A
S E R M O N,

Preached in BROAD-MEAD, *Bristol*, Nov. 24,

Occasioned by the DEATH of

The Rev. JAMES ROUQUET,

Curate of St. Werburgh's, Lecturer of St. Nicholas,
Chaplain to St. Peter's Hospital and to the Right
Honorable the Earl of Deloraine;

Who departed this Life Nov. 16, 1776.

In the 47th Year of his Age,

(Published at the particular Request of many who heard it.)

By CALEB EVANS, M. A.

*" Sic stella noctu, per liquidum æthera,
Sublimis, ardens, conspicitur polo,
Flammas coruscans ; mox, repente
Lapsa, petit peritura terras."*

MORS TRIUMPHANS.

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✠ The profits arising from the sale of this Sermon will be
applied to charitable uses.

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TO
MRS. *ROUQUET* AND FAMILY,
THIS SERMON,
AS A HUMBLE MEMORIAL OF THEIR
DEAR DECEASED RELATIVE,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY
THEIR SYMPATHISING, AFFECTIONATE
FRIEND AND FELLOW-MOURNER,

C. EVANS.

BRISTOL,
Nov. 28, 1776.

TO
THE
FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES
OF
THIS REMOVED
AS A FIDELITY MEMORIAL OF THEIR
DEAR DECEASED



BY
THE
FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES
OF
THIS REMOVED

C. W. L. A. S.

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S E R M O N, &c.

2 SAMUEL iii. 38.

*Know ye not that there is—A GREAT MAN.
fallen this day in Israel?*

SUCH was the language of the King of Israel, upon the death of *Abner*. Though this great General had favored the house of *Saul* in opposition to the house of *David*, yet *David* had too great a soul to rejoice at his death; on the contrary he wept over him. Having, but just before, had a friendly interview with him, and dismissed him in peace; when he heard of his sad unexpected end, he was deeply affected. *And he said to Joab, see v. 31, and to all the people that were with him, rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn before Abner. And King David himself followed the bier. And they buried Abner in Hebron; and the King lift up his voice and*

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wept

wept at the grave of Abner, and all the people wept. And the King lamented over Abner; and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters, and so on. And all the people wept again over him. The King, as a further expression of his grief, refused to take any food till the evening. And the King said to his servants, in the words first read, Know ye not that there is a Prince and a GREAT MAN, fallen this day in Israel? And, as though he had said, Shall such a man fall unnoticed, or his death be un lamented? No; I will fast, upon the sad occasion, I will weep over, I will bewail him.— And did David and all the people of Israel weep over a deceased Abner? And shall not we lament the death of that truly great and good man, whose remains we so lately saw, amidst weeping multitudes, committed to the silent tomb? Should any wonder at the general grief upon this melancholy occasion; should a stranger to our deceased friend ask, whence such an universal concern, such a harmony of sighs, such a confluence of tears?—May we not justly reply in the language of our text concerning Abner—Know ye not that there is a GREAT MAN fallen this day in Israel?

There is nothing concerning which men are apt to form a falser estimate, than *real greatness*. How many are there that mistake the shadow
for

for the substance, the semblance for the reality? Let ever so vile a wretch be exalted to the dignity of an Eastern Emperor, gorgeously arrayed, drawn in state on a splendid carr, surrounded with numerous glittering attendants; and the gaping multitude, who judge only by the outward appearance, at once pronounce him a *great man*. They admire, they flatter him, they tremble before him as more than man, almost a God. But strip the idol of his pageantry and pomp, view him unadorned, and what will he appear to be? Perhaps a haughty Tyrant—a cruel hard-hearted oppressor—and possibly, a filthy Debauchee, a self-conceited Infidel, that neither fears God nor regards man, but insolently tramples under foot all laws human and divine, and lives to be a scourge, a blast, a bane to all mankind, and not a blessing. And is such a man, in the proper sense of the words, a *great man*? No; he is a vile, despicable man. The holy God, holy angels, and all upright good men, look down upon the mean, paltry wretch, amidst all the fiery blaze of his external splendor, with indignation, pity and contempt. What a happiness, my brethren, that it is not our lot to be the crouching vassals of such an haughty Despot, but that we are the free subjects of a glorious well-pois'd constitution, in which—both “*laws and liberty combine, To make the people blest!*” As
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the illustrious Guardian of this constitution, O King, live for ever !

But, not only do we mistake in the judgment we form of real greatness when we view it at a distance, in the persons of those who are exalted to supreme dignity, and hold the reins of empire ; but down through all the intermediate ranks of life, we are still ready to judge according to the outward appearance, and therefore are far from judging righteously.

Is a man appointed to a great office, whether in Church or State ; invested with the solemn badges of authority and power ; are we not ready, however unfit he may be for the execution of his office, however unworthy the eminence to which he is exalted, to pronounce him a *great man*, and to give him credit for virtues he never possess'd ? But how difficult do we find it to persuade ourselves that a poor man, may be as great or greater than a rich man ? A private member of society, as great, or perhaps infinitely greater, than one that is adorned with a splendid public character ? The laborious Curate, greater perhaps than his exalted Diocesan ? Yea, the honest, industrious, pious day-laborer, greater than the richest, proudest man in the universe, that is dishonest, indolent, and wicked ?

I mean not by what I have said, to level or
throw

throw down any of those distinctions which providence has wisely ordained amongst men. It is our duty, and I might say it is our interest too, to render honor to whom honor is due. Without subordination in society, the advantages and pleasures of society would, in a great measure, be lost. The man that is exalted to a high station in life, and adorns that station, discharges the duties of it in an exemplary manner, is a truly great man indeed, and is worthy of double honor. His outward greatness is but the shadow of that true inward greatness of mind he possesses.

But shall we pay that respect to the mere shadow, and where there is nothing else but the shadow, which is due only to the substance? It were an insult upon common sense to expect it. All the homage we pay to false, pretended greatness, which has nothing real in it, but is altogether imaginary, is a dishonor to real greatness, and a wicked attempt to level and destroy that most important of all distinctions, the distinction betwixt virtue and vice, real goodness and proud impudent hypocrisy.

Equally unjust would it be to withhold our praise from a great and worthy character, because not emblazoned with the delusive coloring of high station and external pomp and splendor. Piety, virtue, true greatness,—shall it be

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disregarded,

disregarded, shall it die unlamented, because found in one of the humbler paths of life? Whilst we justly admire the virtues of the mitred prelate, shall we disregard those of the undignified, unbeneficed private clergyman? What would this be, but to prefer the shadow to the substance, the clothing to the man? No; the language of God's word is, The memory of the Just—the memory of the truly good, the truly great; whether found in the royal palace or the cobweb'd cottage, or in whatever rank or station;—is blessed: whilst the memory of the wicked, however they may now be surrounded with flatterers, and dazzled with the glare of external splendor, like *Herod* just before he was eaten up of worms,—shall rot.

Let me then beg your attention, whilst I endeavor, in as few words as possible,

I. To set before you the character of a *truly great man*, independent of all those adventitious circumstances of station and external splendor, which may or may not accompany it. And then,

II. I shall endeavor to improve the subject, by mentioning to you those lessons which the fall of such a man is adapted to teach us———*Know ye not that a great man is fallen*

fallen this day in Israel? And, as though it had been said, should not such an event deeply affect, and be most seriously thought of by you?

I. I am to set before you the character of a truly great man———Now a truly great man appears to me to be one that is great—in the *endowments of nature*—great, in the possession of those *distinguishing talents* which qualify men for eminence in their respective professions—and above all, great in *grace*—or a holy disposition of mind to devote all his endowments, all his powers, all he is and all he has, to the honor and glory of God the great giver of all, and by whose grace he is what he is.

1. A truly great man is one that is great in the endowments of nature.

The God of nature, in his infinite wisdom, dispenses the various gifts and endowments of nature, in different measures as he pleaseth; giving in this as well as other respects, as may best serve to promote the great ends of his universal providence, to some one, to others two, to others five, and to others ten talents. Now in proportion to the measure in which these endowments are dispensed, a man may be denominated a great man. The man that has a weak, tender constitution, but an enlarged natu-

ral capacity, a comprehensive mind; all will allow is much greater than the man who is weak both in body and mind, or than one who though strong and robust in body, has a narrow groveling soul. But has God given to another man, *mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound mind in a sound and healthful body; a good natural capacity, a penetrating soul, quickness of thought, vivacity of spirit, vigor and alacrity in the discharge of every service to which he may be called?—This man is most certainly more excellent than either, and in a still higher sense may be truly stiled a *great man*. Especially if to these natural endowments, be added

2. Those distinguishing talents which qualify men for eminence in their respective professions.

Some men are more particularly adapted to one station in life, others to another. Some have gifts and talents of one kind, and which are suited to one particular profession, others have different talents which are better suited to another profession. Where there is an equality in natural capacity, there is a surprizing difference in the peculiar turn and bias of the mind. Hence it is that some have been great statesmen, and have attained to eminence by their skill in the affairs of the cabinet; others have rose to fame by their noble exploits in the field; some
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have been great philosophers, others great historians, others great poets, others divines. There have been truly great men in all the different ranks of life, from the scepter'd monarch down to the humble slave. Each man that attains to true greatness, be his station or profession what it will, has his proper gift of God : and those to whom such distinguishing gifts are distributed, as qualify men for eminence in their respective professions, are truly great. Thus *Moses* was a great *Lawgiver*, *Joshua* and *Abner* of whom the words of our text are spoken, were great *Generals*, *Paul* a great *Preacher* and *Apostle*. And wherever a man is found that possesses those talents which enable him to rise to eminence in his profession, whatever that be, and whether he be young or old, rich or poor, high or low, that man is a great man.

The acquirements of learning and the advantages of a good education, do undoubtedly contribute much to the attainment of true greatness ; and these providential gifts are variously distributed. But after all, as no man can be eminent in any profession without a good natural capacity, and an aptitude of mind to the profession he follows ; so where these conspire, he will become great and eminent, whether he enjoy the advantages of education in any considerable degree, or not. True genius
is

is the grand prerequisite to true greatness. But to complete the character of a truly great man, we must add,

3. The gifts of grace, or a holy disposition of mind to devote all our endowments, and all our powers, to the honor and glory of God that gave them, and by whose grace it is we all are what we are.

It is this more than any thing else, that constitutes true greatness. Would you call that man a great man who, whatever talents he possessed, laid them up in a napkin and made no use of them? Or the man who discovered amazing ingenuity in the art of catching flies? Or would you call any of those great, who are, as the scripture expresses it, wise only to *do evil*, but to do good have no understanding? Certainly you would not. If the end we propose to ourselves in what we do, be little, mean and contemptible, we can never be entitled to the character of *great*, in the prosecution of it. That Prince alone is truly great, who reigns in righteousness, reigns, not to gratify his own ambition, but as a minister of God for good. That philosopher alone is truly great, who, like the great Mr. *Boyle*, directs all his discoveries to the glory of God, and the good of mankind. Such was the veneration of this truly great man for the supreme Being, such the habitual impression

pression on his mind of his greatness and glory, that he never mentioned his awful name without a religious pause. That historian is truly great, who aims to instruct, not to flatter and deceive, to serve, not to destroy the best interests of mankind. That poet is truly great, who devotes his powers and talents, not to the service of vice and profaneness, but to the service of virtue and religion. That divine, that minister of the gospel is truly great, who undertakes the office not for filthy lucre's sake, or from any such low unworthy motive, but of a ready mind: a mind earnestly and chearfully disposed to honor God and to do the most essential good to his fellow men. In short, that man is the truly great man, and that man alone, who, whatever be his station in life, whatever be his abilities and talents, is enabled through grace sincerely and zealously to devote them all to God. In other words, the *great man* is the *good man*: the Christian man, the converted man, one that is passed from death to life, lives by faith on the Son of God, is constrained by love, and lives therefore, not to himself, but unto him that died for him and rose again. He is ready with the apostle *Paul* to cry out, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And with the prophet, Here I am, send me;—send me on what errand, employ me in what manner thou pleasest.

pleasest.—And when to a capacity for great and extensive usefulness, and a genius or distinguishing talents, whether natural, acquired, or supernatural, for the profession engaged in, is added that grace which sanctifies the whole, and inclines and enables a man most heartily and affectionately to devote all his powers to God, and the best interests of his fellow-men—then it is he is indeed entitled to the honorable character *David* in our text gives to *Abner*, that of a truly great man.

And such a man, it is but a piece of common justice thus publicly to declare, was our ever honored, sincerely beloved, but now alas! deceased friend and brother, the Rev. *James Rouquet*. Thousands there are in this great and populous city who are ready, in accents of peculiar anguish, to cry out on the sad occasion of his death—Know ye not that there is a great man, an eminent, an amiable man, fallen this day in the midst of us?

He was the son* of a French Protestant Refugee, who for the sake of his life, liberty, and religion, was constrained to leave his native country,

* His Grandfather, a most venerable old gentleman, was condemned to the Gallies, on the account of his religion, and endured the greatest hardships for many years; but was at length delivered by the unexpected interposition of a stranger, according to a most remarkable dream of that happy event, which the old gentleman had just before.

country, and to abandon those fair prospects of wealth and comparative greatness to which he was born. But under all these disadvantages, Providence opened a way for the education and future usefulness of our honored friend. His sprightly genius, and promising abilities, soon found admission into one of the most celebrated of our public schools in *London*,† in which, from nine to seventeen years of age, he was instructed in the various branches of classical learning. Whilst in this situation, and engaged in the close pursuit of his youthful studies, he was led providentially to hear that eminent servant of God, the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*, and other ministers. Nor did he hear in vain. The Lord called him effectually by his grace, and in this his early youth, revealed his Son in him the hope of glory. His convictions were lasting, and remarkably deep and pungent; so that for a considerable time together his only cry by night and by day was, with a distress bordering on distraction, *What must I do to be saved?* At length, the terrors of the law were subdued by the grace of the gospel, and he had that peace in believing, which passeth all understanding. At *eighteen* years of age, if I mistake not, he entered at *St. John's College, Oxford*, and continued there three years, during which time, his piety and holy zeal were no less conspicu-

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† The Merchant-Tailors School.

ous than his steadiness and diligence in attending to the College exercises. Whilst at the College, he received repeated and pressing invitations to come and preside over a large school in this neighbourhood, which he accepted upon the purest motives, and in which situation he acquitted himself with singular success. Having spent about three or four years in this employment, during which time he preached frequently, as opportunity offered, he now applied for orders in the Church, hoping he might hereby be rendered more extensively useful. A title being procured for him in the diocese of *Glocester*, he was ordained Deacon by the late Dr. *Johnson*, then Bishop of *Glocester*, but afterwards translated to the see of *Worcester*. His fidelity and zeal were however too great to admit of his long continuance in the Curacy to which he was appointed, and he was therefore soon dismissed from it. But a happy necessity was laid upon him, and he could as soon have ceased to be, as ceased to be active in his Master's work, ceased to preach the everlasting gospel, which he had felt in his own soul, was the power of God to salvation. Accordingly he not only preached from house to house, but to crowded auditories in the common prison of this city, and it pleased God remarkably to bless his labors to many. At length he was presented to the vicarage of
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West-Harptree by the Lord Chancellor, and was thereupon ordained Priest by Dr. *Edward Wills*, the late worthy Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*. His Lordship, finding him to be a truly worthy man, notwithstanding the cry of Enthusiast! Methodist! which had been raised against him, received him with paternal affection, and spoke of him to many, in terms of the highest respect, to his dying day.* Soon after his second ordination, he was appointed by the Corporation of *Bristol*, Lecturer of *St. Nicholas*, and by the Corporation of *St. Peter's-Hospital*, Chaplain to the said Hospital. The strict attention he paid to the duty of his several offices, and his incessant labors of love in private, particularly amongst the poor and distressed, to whom his benevolence was unbounded; are too well known to the whole city, to need any further confirmation. So attached was he to the poor prisoners, and the other distressed objects in this city, to whom the Lord rendered him eminently useful, that no consideration could pre-

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* Mr. *Rouquet* being appointed by the Bishop to preach after his ordination, he delivered a most excellent sermon from these words—*Feed my sheep*. This sermon being much exclaimed against by many who heard it, the good Bishop sent to Mr. *Rouquet* for a copy of it, which was immediately sent him. When he returned it to Mr. *Rouquet* he sent him at the same time a most affectionate letter, expressing his entire approbation of it, and assuring him of the continuance of his friendship.

vail upon him to remove hence. He exchanged therefore the Vicarage of *West-Harptree* for the Curacy of *St. Werburgh's*, where he labored nearly eight years, till his labors were interrupted by the illness which terminated in his death. Nor will his earnestness, his zeal, his honest fervor in the discharge of the duties of his sacred function, be soon forgotten, by those many precious souls that were, as we have reason to believe, convinced, converted, comforted, and edified under his ministry.

It is not easy to give a just delineation of the truly excellent and amiable character of this great and good man. In private life, surely no one could be more amiable than he was. A most tender, faithful, and affectionate husband,* an indulgent father, a firm, open-hearted, generous friend. The law of kindness was on his lips, fidelity, sympathy and love in his heart. In public life, it was his meat and drink to do the will of God, and like his divine Master,

* Mr. *Rouquet* was married Sept. 22, 1756, to Miss *Sarah Fenwicke*, daughter of the late Honorable *Edward Fenwicke*, Esq; of *Charles-Town*, *South-Carolina*, and sister to the present Dowager Countess of *Deloraine*, by whom he had issue six children, three of whom survived him, *James Ann*, *James* and *Sarah*. Of this amiable and pious Lady he was deprived by death, April 28, 1768.—On the 18th of March 1773, he married Mrs. *Mary Cannon*, relict of *John Cannon*, Esq; of *Greenwich*, *Kent*, with whom he lived in a state of the most perfect conjugal felicity to the time of his death.

ster, he went about doing good. How many eyes that saw him, wherever he went, blessed him! How many drooping, disconsolate hearts were made to sing for joy, by him! His incessant works, his extensive labors of love will not cease to praise him, nor will they suffer us soon to forget him. In the private dwellings of the sick, the poor and the distressed; in the common prison where he labored so abundantly and so disinterestedly for more than twenty years; how often did he appear as a *Guardian Angel*, sent from heaven to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort those that were mourning! * In the Hospital, both amongst the old
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* On this subject, a person of strict integrity and piety, writes as follows.

“ My dear friend Mr. *Rouquet* was favoured with a very singular gift of visiting the sick. I have often been with him on those occasions, and have been struck with wonder at his uncommon and extensive knowledge of mankind under most circumstances of life, particularly in that of affliction; so as clearly to discover the workings of nature and grace: and such was his address to the afflicted, that it remarkably engaged their attention and drew out their affection towards him. Hence he became the general visitor of the sick throughout this great city. The very publicans and harlots solicited his visits in their sick and dying moments; and through grace, he was ever ready to help all. I never in this respect discovered the least backwardness in him to go on his Master’s business. And I make no doubt but there are many in Paradise praising and blessing God on his account.

and diseased, and the orphan young, to whom he was infinitely endeared by ten thousand acts of condescension and love, and whose bodies as well as souls he tenderly regarded; how precious is the remembrance of him! As an upright citizen, an honest, warm, zealous friend of constitutional liberty, and true *genuine* loyalty; what *sincere friend* of his King and Country can help regretting him! And how bitter must the loss of him be to those multitudes that attended his public ministry, and received instruction and consolation from him! To whom he published the glad tidings of peace and salvation through a glorious Redeemer, and proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord! From how many different quarters is this sad lamentation heard—I have lost my best friend! I have lost my patron, my benefactor, my father!—His sphere of usefulness was large, and he filled it up with distinguished honor and reputation. God gave him affluence, and it was the joy of his heart to do good with it. God gave him influence, and he used it to excite to love and to good works. God gave him a large and generous heart, and with it he embraced all mankind, especially the household of faith, whatever might be their rank in life or distinguishing denomination. A more truly noble catholic heart, I believe, no man ever possessed. No
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one could, I am persuaded, adopt more sincerely or more ardently than he could, the glowing language of the great apostle *Paul*,—*Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity!* He had a great soul, undaunted by the fiercest opposition, and which taught him to triumph over the utmost efforts of malice, in the true spirit of the gospel, with forgiving love. He had uncommon vivacity and sprightliness, and he employed it in doing good. He was not idle but ever active, unwearied in his Master's work. He lived not for himself but others, he spent and was spent in labors of piety and love, and in this city particularly, was for many years a burning and shining light. His natural and acquired abilities, and his distinguishing talents were very considerable, and he devoted them all to God. He was a truly great, an eminent, an amiable man. His native Genius, his peculiar gifts, and above all his piety, and warm benevolence of heart, conspired to render him a great man indeed. I lov'd and honor'd him whilst living, and I must, I cannot but speak honorably of him now he is dead. Yes, though never dignified with the ensigns of external greatness, never adorned with a priestly mitre, or loaded with preferments, he was a truly *great and good man*: and as such, I have no doubt, he will be honored of his God and Savior in
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that day, when—*Behold there are FIRST which shall be LAST; and LAST which shall be FIRST.*

But ah! here's the grief—he is dead! his cold remains are deposited in the darksome tomb. His sprightly eye is closed, his chearful countenance is changed, his friendly hand is no more stretched out, his nimble feet no more carry him to the house of God, nor to the houses of the poor where he was so often the son of consolation. The places that once knew him in the family, in the Church, and in the world, shall know him no more for ever. He is fallen!—fallen in the midst of his days, in the meridian of his usefulness, and at a time when such upright, honest, warm, zealous, faithful men of God, are so much needed, but so rarely found. He is gone! Gone for ever, from these realms of uncertainty and woe, and in this world we shall see his face, we shall hear his voice, we shall converse with him no more. Awful, affecting providence!—What use should we make of it; what lessons of instruction should we learn from it? An event of such a nature should not pass unnoticed, unimproved. *Know ye not, says the King, that there is this day a great man fallen in Israel?*

II. Let us enquire then what improvement we ought to make of so afflictive an event. And
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in the 1st. place. Should not the fall of great and good men, lead us to enquire wherefore the Lord is pleased thus to contend with us?

The fall of such men is not a judgment to themselves, but unto us. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is PEACE!* Such was the end of our deceased friend. For though his disorder was of such a nature as not to admit of many lucid intervals, yet, blessed be God, enough abundantly to convince us of the goodness of his God and Savior to him in his dying moments. The evening before his speech faltered he employed three or four hours in fervent prayer and wrestling with God, when he expressed his willingness to die, and was heard very distinctly and repeatedly to pray for his *enemies*, like his blessed Master, whose dying prayer was, *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!* He then fell into a slumber, and at intervals spoke for some minutes from these words—“*Within the veil, whither the forerunner, even Jesus is for us entered.*”

Being asked by a particular friend, a few hours before his speech left him, how it was with his soul under his heavy affliction of body; he laid his hand upon his breast and said, as well as he could speak “*Peace—Peace.*” To a dear friend who was much with him he said, that *the Lord was very precious to him.* Upon another

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occasion,

occasion, not long before his departure, being desired by a friend, if he found himself perfectly calm and happy, to lift up his hand, he immediately lifted it up. And when he came still nearer his end, and but just before he breath'd his last, awaking as it were out of sleep, and recovering all his senses and the power of speech at the same time, he was enabled in the full view of instant death and eternity to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, crying out with holy fervor, "*I want to go home, I want to go home, I want to go home.*" Upon which his prayer was instantly answered, and without a struggle or a groan, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

*"O for Elijah's Carr! the prophet cry'd,
Jehovah heard his voice, and lo! he dy'd."*

Yes, my friends, to him, to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him. He is gone far beyond the poisonous breath of envy and malice, nor shall the venom'd tongue of slander reach him more. He's gone to the joy of his Lord, to the General Assembly and Church of the first-born, to the spirits of the Just made perfect, and to Jesus his beloved Savior to behold and partake of his glory.

Methinks

Methinks I hear him say, from amidst the bright angelic throng to which he is admitted, "*Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.*"

Ah! we have cause to weep indeed. *The righteous perisheth*, says the prophet, *Isa. lvii. 1. and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace.* Yes, He shall enter into peace, but what shall become of us? Are the righteous, the merciful taken away, and shall we not lay it to heart? Shall we not consider, that they are taken from the evil to come, and that when such are removed, the truly great and good, there is reason to apprehend an impending storm. Know ye not, I would say then, to my countrymen, my fellow-citizens and friends; know ye not that a great man is fallen this day in our British Israel? A man that was an example to the rich, a patron to the poor, an ornament to his profession, truly great and truly good! And is not the fall of such a man, a token of the divine displeasure? Is he not taken away from the evil to come, taken away in mercy to himself, but in judgment to those who are left behind, who knew not how to value him whilst they had him, and were not worthy of him?

2. Know ye not that a *great man* is fallen, and

that great men must fall therefore as well as others?

It is appointed for all once to die. The wages of sin is death. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, the pastor and his flock, must all die. In this war there is no discharge. Let none then think themselves secure from the arrows of death. Death visits the royal Palace, equally with the most ragged cottage. Let those in the higher as well as those that are in the lower ranks of life, remember therefore, that they must die. Though they should be exalted as gods, they must die like men. Should we not all then be ready to say,—*I must work the works of him that sent me into the world whilst it is called to-day; the night cometh in which no man can work?* So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom! Must we all fall, must we all die? *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing as he would have him! Shall find diligent in business, as our dear deceased friend was, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!*

3. Know ye not that a great man is fallen, and that we should learn therefore to make this our supreme consolation, that God ever lives?

He never dies. From everlasting to everlasting he is the same. Creatures the greatest and the best, are but creatures, and must die; but God ever lives. Their God who are already

ready gone to glory, and our God who are still fighting in the wilderness. That God who raised up those that have been the most eminent and illustrious, and is still able to raise up others of a similar or superior character: that God, that gracious reconciled God in Christ who giveth grace and more grace, gave to those that are gone, all their grace and all their gifts, and is able to give the same to those that are left behind: this God ever lives. I know not of any consideration so supporting and reviving as this, when we are called to lament the death of the great and good. *Trust ye then in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!* Commit your way to him, let him be your pilot and guide, and be not afraid! Be ye followers of that eminent and amiable man of God whose fall we have been now deploring, and who together with all those that died in the Lord before him, is gone to inherit the promises! He shall no more come to us, but we, my fellow Christians, shall go to him, and spend a blissful eternity with him, in the enjoyment of his Savior and our Savior, his Father and our Father, his God and our God!

THE E N D.

The following H Y M N S were sung at his
FUNERAL.

H Y M N I.

I.

SERVANT of CHRIST, adieu!
Thy Conflicts here are past,
Thy LORD hath brought thee through,
And giv'n the Crown at last:
Rejoice to wear the glorious Prize,
Rejoice with GOD in Paradise.

II.

No longer now constrain'd,
With sinful Men to dwell,
To see their Evils pain'd
Their Wickedness to feel:
Angels and Saints thy Comrades are,
And all adore the SAVIOUR there.

III.

Thou canst not there bemoan
Thy Friends or Country's Loss,
Nor through Oppression groan,
Or faint beneath the Cross:
The Joy hath swallow'd up the Pain,
And Death is thy Eternal Gain.

IV.

IV.

Thou out of great Distress
 To thy Reward art past,
 Triumphant Happiness,
 And Joys that always last ;
 Thanks be to GOD who set thee free
 And gave thee final Victory.

V.

Thy Victory we share,
 Thy glorious Joy we feel,
 Parted in Flesh we are
 But join'd in Spirit still :
 We soon shall meet thee round the Throne
 And all our kindred Souls be one.

H Y M N II.

I.

ALL worship and Love
 To the FATHER above,
 Who hath taken our Brother his Glory to prove.
Hallelujah.

II.

Who in Pity and Grace
 Hath shortned his Race,
 And caught up a Saint to the Sight of his Face.
Hallelujah.

III.

Our Friend is at Rest
 In a Paradise blest,
 Where Sorrow, and Satan can never molest.
Hallelujah.

IV.

IV.

He hath shook off his Clay,
He is walted away,
And escap'd to the Regions of permanent Day.
Hallelujah.

V.

Thrice happy remove
To a Country above,
Where all are employ'd in the Triumph of Love!
Hallelujah

VI.

We thitherward tend,
We too shall ascend,
And join him in Praises which never shall end.
Hallelujah.

VII.

No uneasy Alloy
Shall fully our Joy,
While our Harps in *Immanuel's* Praise we employ.
Hallelujah.

VIII.

Not a dissonant String
Shall be heard while we sing
With the Chorus of Angels, our Saviour and King.
Hallelujah.

IX.

Here then let us lie,
Till rais'd to the Sky,
And with all the redeem'd *Hallelujah* we cry!
Hallelujah.

X.

Thence we ne'er shall remove,
But in Rapture improve,
And Eternity spend to the Praise of his Love.
Hallelujah.



